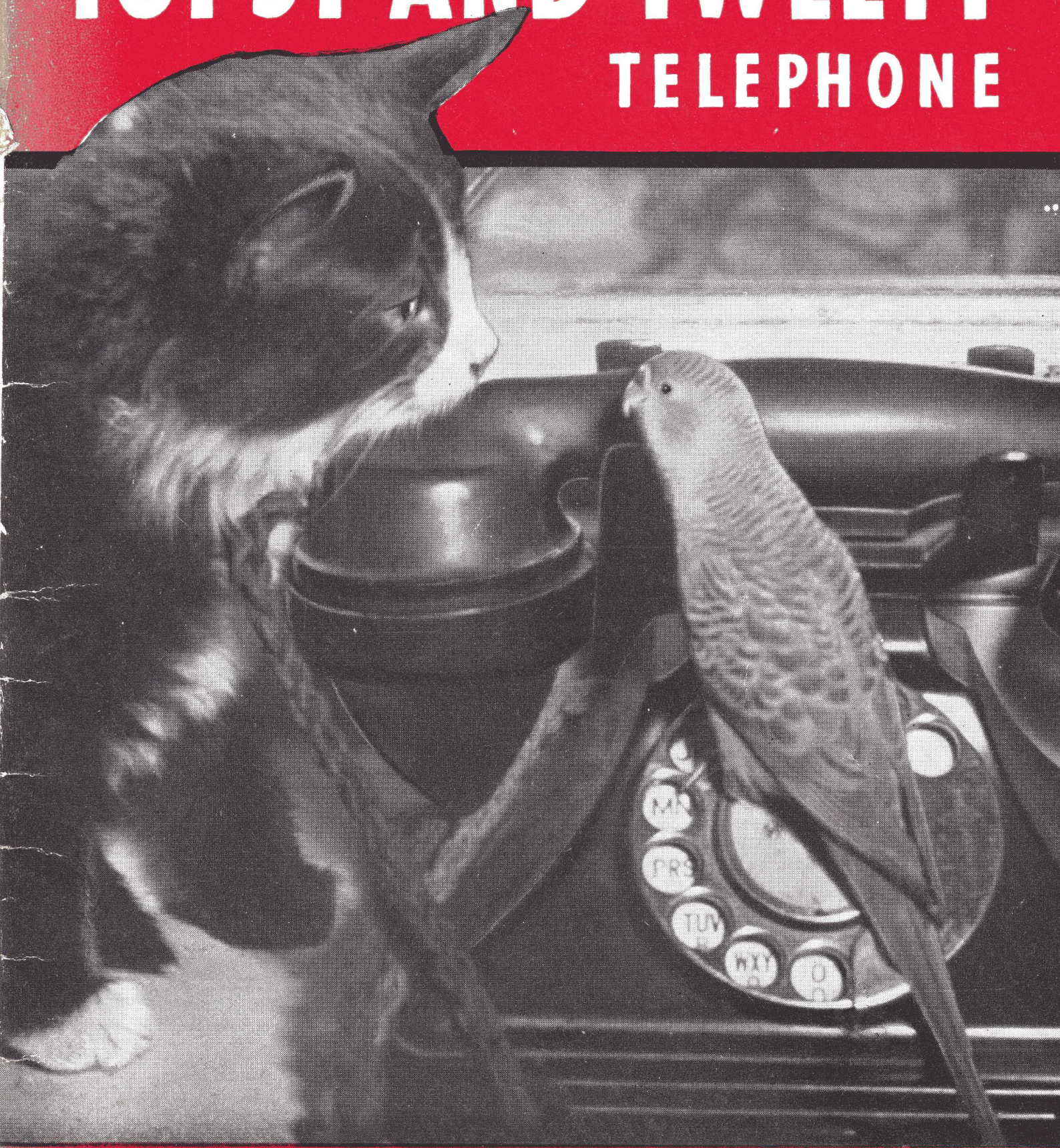
TOPSY AND TWEETY

TELEPHONE



NUMBER FOUR ***PHOTOTALE*** TWO SHILLINGS

A NEW KIND OF STORY-BOOK BY JOHN PHILLIPS

All illustrations in the PHOTOTALE series are genuine photographs of live animals, taken without training or forceful persuasion of any kind

TOPSY AND TWEETY
TELEPHONE

BY

JOHN PHILLIPS

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INTRODUCTION

When you see this, you will hardly believe your eyes! A *real live budgie* and a fluffy black kitten using the telephone to call up Birdland for a parcel of Spog!

"What's 'Spog'?" did you ask? Well, Topsy didn't know either, and she's the little black kitten who ought to.

Tweety the budgie tells her all about it, whilst Topsy plots to catch the little bird.

As you read this, *you too* will learn how to use the telephone—and see what happens to Tweety.

TOPSY AND TWEETY TELEPHONE

Tweety was a saucy little budgie; not very old, but very proud indeed of his bright green feathers. To him, the world was a wonderful place—full of surprises, and he was afraid of no one at all. Why should he be, whilst he was safe in a cage in the pet-shop?

One day a man came in and bought him, and that is where our story begins:

He took him home and put the cage on the table. Tweety looked around. "I'm going to like it here," he said to himself.

Then his new master opened the cage and put the little bird on top. Tweety just couldn't believe his eyes—here he was, sitting *outside* his cage! What a kind master he must be!

He was free! Free to fly anywhere in the room. This was something he'd never been able to do before. He went wild with delight, settling on pictures, walking round the clock—in fact looking into everything, and making a lot of noise about it, too.

"That's right; make yourself at home, Tweety," said his master, "I'll go and put the kettle on and have a cup of tea."

'Here he was, sitting *outside* his cage!'

Left alone in the strange room, the little budgie didn't know what to look at next. He went over to a vase of flowers and nibbled at some of the petals. Then suddenly he caught sight of the telephone on the window-ledge.

"Hurrah!" he shouted, "a telephone, they've got a telephone! I've always wanted to use one, but I never thought I'd ever get a chance."

With this he flew over and settled on the dial, chirping and twittering away happily to himself.

"Wouldn't my friends in the pet-shop love to be here with me?" he cried, "I don't suppose *they* will get masters as kind as mine."

By this time the kettle was boiling, and master had sat down to enjoy his cup of tea in another room. He wasn't worried about Tweety; he knew he couldn't fly away because the windows and doors were shut.

But Tweety didn't *want* to fly away. He was far too happy for that. Besides, he wanted to see if he could ring up his friend Polly the Parrot. He started to look at the letters and numbers on the dial.

'He flew over and settled on the dial'

"My goodness!" he cried, "what a lot of works it seems to have! When people came into our shop to 'phone it always looked easy enough. Now let me see . . . what did they do?"

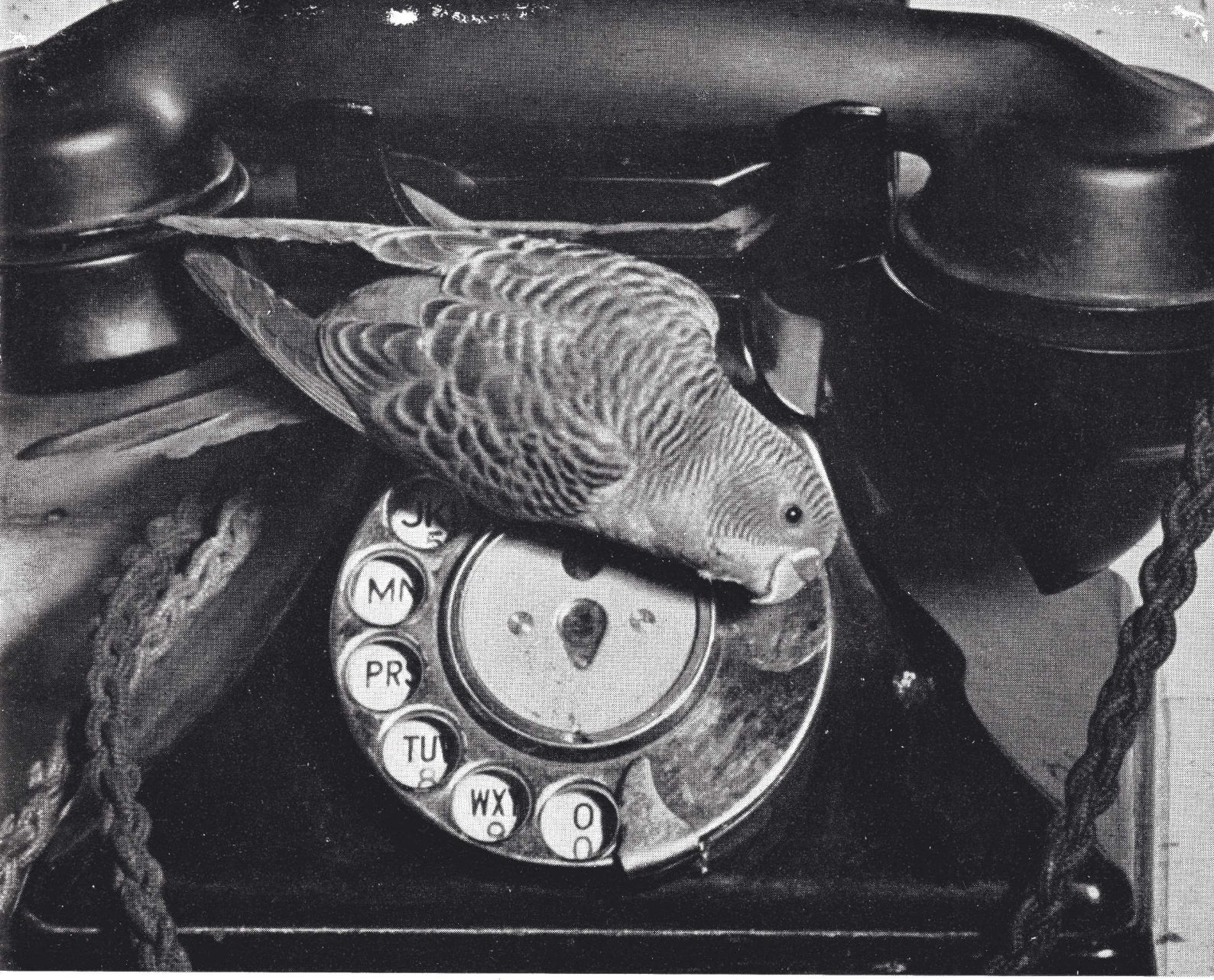
Then he spotted his reflection in the bright metal. "Hullo" he exclaimed, startled, "What have we here—another budgie?" He rubbed his head against it, so happy to have found a playmate, but he couldn't understand why the other little bird would not come out of the telephone.

After a while he began to get cross: pecking and shouting very loudly "come out you silly thing, I shan't hurt you!"

Now Tweety didn't know it, but curled up in the corner of the room was Topsy, a fluffy little black-and-white kitten. She was having her after-dinner nap.

"Come out and play," shouted Tweety to his reflection, "or I shall fetch you out."

But of course, nothing happened. You see, nobody had ever told him about reflections.



'Then he spotted his reflection'

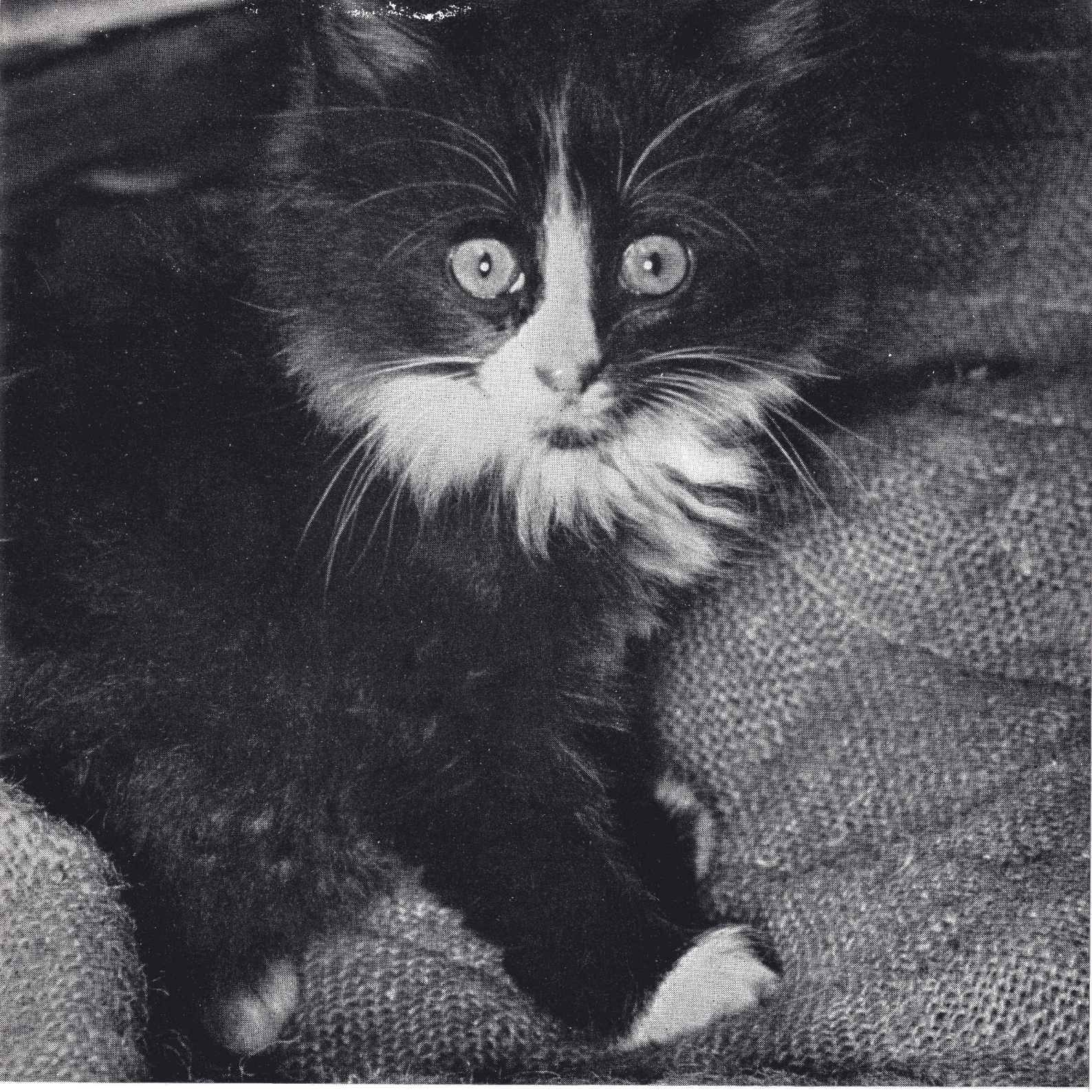
All this noise was too much for Topsy, who awoke and lazily opened one eye . . . and what a shock she had! Surely she must be dreaming . . . a bird, a REAL LIVE bird, was over there on the telephone! And what a bird! She'd never seen one like this before, such bright green feathers, so cocky and tame . . .

"Suffering Cats!" she muttered, and sat up looking as if she'd just seen a ghost. "I'm sure that can't be a REAL bird. If it is, then the Cat Gang will never forgive me if I let it get away . . . my, what a bird!"

With this, she quietly left her bed and crept under the table towards the telephone. It isn't easy to move quietly when you're young and a little bit wobbly on your feet; especially when you've just been startled out of a lovely dream about mice and fish.

What was that—? Tweety turned his head just in time to see a black shape move under the table.

"Who's there?" he called out; which simply amazed poor Topsy—whoever heard of a talking bird?



'Sat up looking as if she'd just seen a ghost'

Her mouth dropped open in sheer surprise, and her eyes grew wider and wider.

"Hullo there," called Tweety again. "Come out and let me see who you are."

Topsy crawled from under the table, quite unable to believe her eyes and ears.

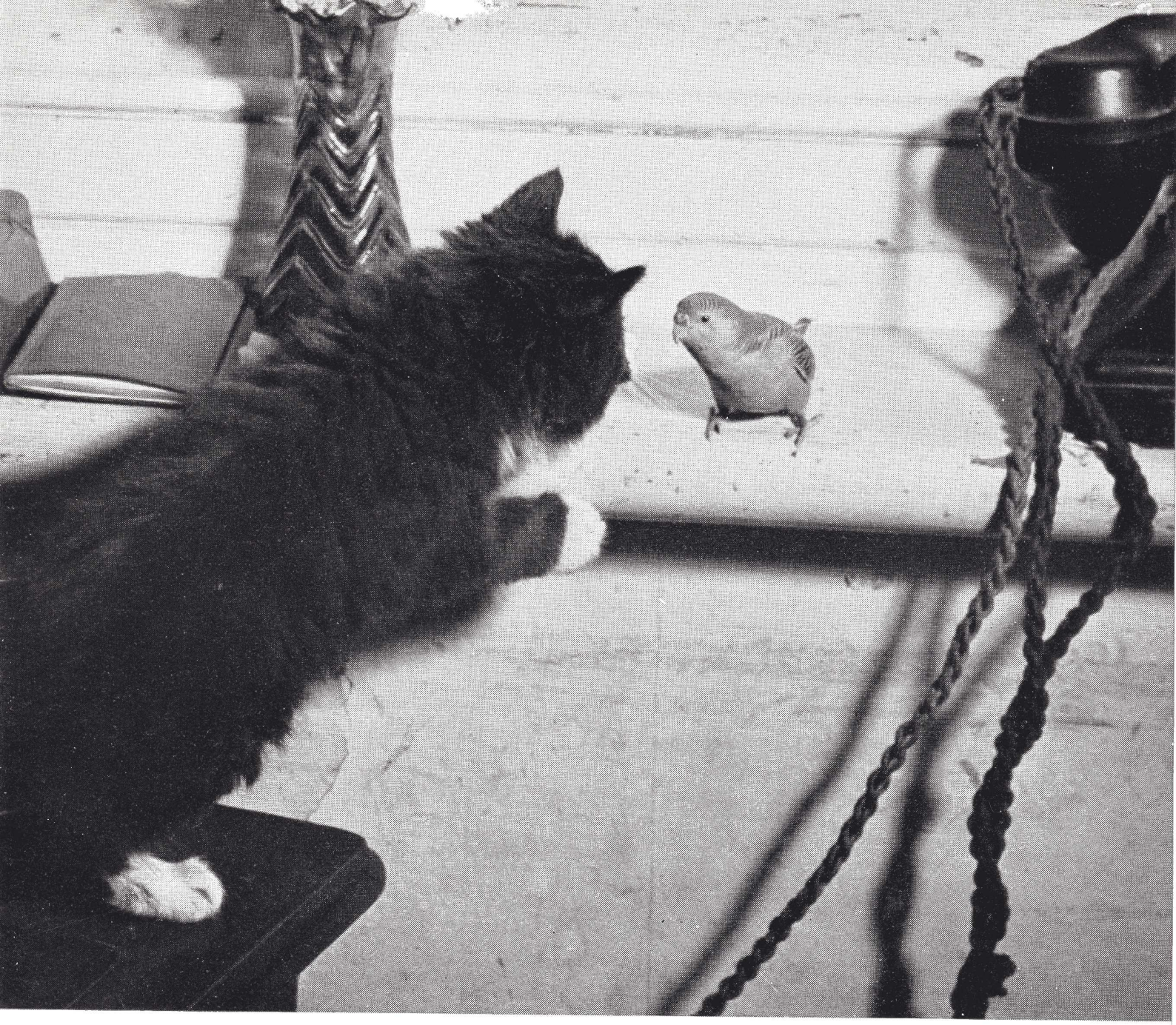
"Why, it's only a kitten," said Tweety, who was used to them in the pet-shop. "How do you do? My name's Tweety, what's yours?"

"*Only* a kitten," thought Topsy crossly, "who does he think he is? Just let me bat him one with my paw, I'll soon show him." But it wouldn't do to let him know this until she was close enough, so slyly she answered "my name's Topsy, and I live here," and climbed on to a nearby shelf.

"Oh, that's fine" went on Tweety, "how about coming up here and helping me telephone?"

"Don't be silly" cried Topsy (who had always been a bit scared of the telephone), "we couldn't work it by ourselves."

Tweety came to the edge of the window-ledge and said "I know how to do it, come along, I'll show you."



'Tweety came to the edge'

It was a bit of a job, but Topsy managed to scramble up by the side of the flower-vase, where Tweety awaited her.

"I must be careful how I go about this," she thought to herself, "I must get friendly first and then catch him when he isn't looking."

"What a nice little kitten you are," said Tweety bowing to her, "I'm very pleased to meet you, I'm sure we'll have lots of fun together."

This rather put Topsy off her guard, she wasn't used to this sort of thing at all; it needed thinking out, so she sat down—she always sat down to think.

Tweety was enjoying himself. He loved company, and everything was new and strange here.

"What sort of bird are you?" asked Topsy, thinking that might be a good start.

"Why, a budgie, of course" answered Tweety, a little hurt to think she didn't know. "It's short for 'Budgerigar', but many people call us 'Love Birds'."

' "What a nice little kitten you are," said Tweety bowing'

"I thought you were a Special Sparrow or something," said Topsy. "Nobody ever calls me nice names like that."

"Oh well, you see, we budgies not only learn to talk, we do all sorts of clever tricks as well" boasted Tweety.

"Hmm!" sniffed the kitten, "if you're so clever, perhaps you could tell me the name of the flowers in this vase."

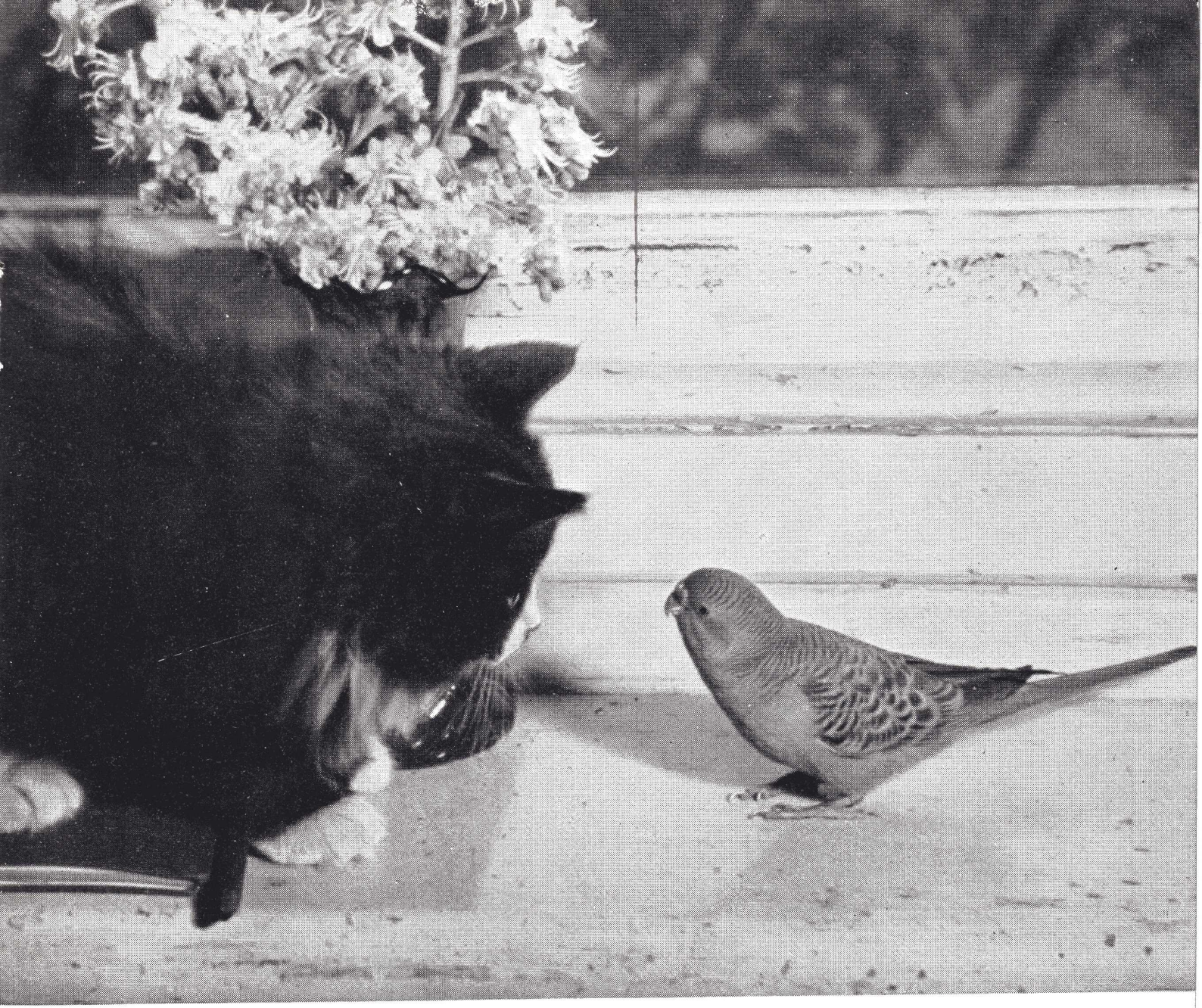
"Daisies!" answered Tweety, not really knowing, anyway.

"Daisies!" scoffed Topsy, laughing, "not they—they're flowers from the Horse Chestnut tree, of course."

"Never heard of it," he replied.

"You'll tell me you've never heard of 'conkers' next," mocked Topsy, "they come from the same tree, and are the fruits of it."

"All right, don't waste any more time" cried Tweety, "let's do this 'phoning before master comes back."



'"Daisies," answered Tweety'

"Who are you going to ring up?" asked Topsy.

"Well, I thought of getting through to Birdland and asking them to send me a parcel of Spog."

"Spog? What on earth is 'Spog'?" she purred.

"Fancy not knowing that!" chirped the bird, "it's a special mixture of melted-down insects and left-handed pips. All budgies love it; they might send some Plenno, too."

"What's 'Plenno'?" went on the surprised Topsy.

"Oh that's red lemonade specially made for green budgies" he replied, "you do ask a lot of questions."

"Well, wipe my whiskers!" muttered the kitten, "special food and drink, and I'm lucky if I get a slice of mousecake once a week!"

"Come on then, let's go over to the telephone and ring them up," cried Tweety.

‘ “Fancy not knowing that!” chirped the bird’

He flew over and settled on the dial once more, whilst Topsy slowly made her way to the side and peered over the top.

"This top piece lifts off—it's called the 'receiver,'" explained Tweety, "we speak into the mouthpiece—that's the part where you are, and listen at the other end. Before we can hear anything or talk to anyone we have to use this dial in front.

"You put your paw into the hole which shows the FIRST LETTER you want, move the hole round to the right until you reach this stop at the bottom, then let go and wait until it's gone back to where it was. Do the same with the next two letters you want (one at a time) and then follow on with each NUMBER in turn, but take no notice of any of the other letters or numbers."

"What then?" asked Topsy, interested.

"If you hear 'buzz buzz . . . buzz buzz . . . buzz buzz,' you know it's ringing at the place you want, and you wait until someone answers. But if you hear 'buzz . . . buzz . . . buzz,' or just one long one all the time, it means that someone else is using the telephone there and you must put it back and try again later.

'This top piece lifts off'

"They call that being 'engaged', but it's nothing to do with weddings and things!"

"Do you know how I can ring up Cat Land and ask them if the mice are going to be any fatter this year? I'd also like to find out if they could send me a set of claw-sharpeners" said Topsy, moving in closer. "I get into trouble when I try to do it on the chair-legs."

"Tell me their number and I'll see what I can do," chirruped Tweety.

"Ooh—it's secret—I couldn't let YOU know," she cried.

"Well, Birdland has a secret number, too, so I couldn't let you watch me," he answered.

"I don't believe you know it" teased the cunning Topsy, anxious to get Tweety looking the other way so that she could pounce on him, "you're saying all this to make me think you're clever. I've never heard of a bird being able to use a telephone anyway; I shan't believe it until I see it happen."

' "I couldn't let YOU know," she cried'

"So that's it, is it?" replied Tweety, "just because *you* can't telephone, you think I can't either. If you'll move away so that you don't see which numbers I choose, I'll jolly soon show you whether I know it or not."

"Hmm, that's fair," said the artful kitten, backing away a bit. "Is this far enough do you think? I can't see the numbers from here."

Tweety wanted to make sure for himself. He hopped on to the corner and peeped round the side.

"Yes, I think that will do, but you must promise that you won't look," he cried.

"I promise" purred Topsy, getting her paw ready to strike, yet trying to look kind and harmless. She knew he'd have to turn round the other way in a moment or so, and when his back was towards her, that would be her great chance. "I'll close my eyes as well if you like," she said.

"That's better still," answered Tweety, giving one last look to make sure she was still there. Then he turned towards the telephone . . .

'He hopped on to the corner and peeped round the side'

Topsy half-opened one eye very slowly and peeped at the busy little bird. "This is it," she thought, "I've got him now."

Opening both eyes she silently crept closer and closer, watching every movement Tweety made. Closer and closer still, and then—in a flash she was upon him . . .

But she didn't know how artful and quick a budgie can be. He had been watching her out of the corner of his eye all the while, pretending to take no notice. So it was Topsy who got the surprise (just look at her face!).

Quick as a flash of lightning he shot round and nipped her striking paw with his very sharp beak, biting her as hard as he could.

"Mee—oww—ohh!" yelled Topsy in pain, quickly letting go. "Mee—oww—ohh——yoww! You wicked little bird!"

"Ha! Ha! It serves you right, you shouldn't try to catch me" laughed Tweety, "you're the one who's wicked, not me."

"I was only playing," she said.

'He shot round and nipped her striking paw'

"Then so was I," cried Tweety, unhurt, as he flew up to the picture rail. "I knew you were up to no good, so let that be a lesson to you."

Poor Topsy hurriedly licked her bitten paw and wished she hadn't tried to be so smart. It hurt her pride to be laughed at as well.

They made so much noise that it brought their master into the room to find out what was happening.

"What's going on in here?" he called out, looking round.

Topsy knew she would get a spanking if he found out what she had tried to do, so she looked at the telephone and pretended to be reading all the letters on it, hoping he would take no notice of her.

"That's strange," said their master, "I thought I heard an awful lot of noise somewhere." Then he saw the kitten by the telephone. "Why Topsy, I didn't know you were in here or I'd never have let that bird out. Where are you, Tweety?"

"Here I am" cried the budgie, flying down from the picture rail.

'Pretended to be reading all the letters'

"Oh, so you're quite safe after all," said master; "but I don't think *you* had better stay in here Topsy. Come along, you must go back in your basket with your brother Tim."

He lifted her from the window-ledge and took her out of the room, closing the door behind him.

"Where have you been, Topsy?" cried Tim, as Topsy jumped into the basket. "I was just going to see if I could find you."

"You've missed something!" she replied, pushing him with her paw, "move over and I'll tell you all about it."

Tim listened to her story from start to finish. "And to think I wasn't there to join in," he said sadly, "you get all the fun. Did you get through to Birdland on the telephone?"

"No," answered Topsy, "I don't think he was doing it right, even if I hadn't stopped him."

Of course he wasn't doing it right—*YOU* know that, don't you?

—He forgot to lift off the receiver first!

THE END

"Move over and I'll tell you all about it"

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Meet again the modern story-teller, JOHN PHILLIPS, who uses photographs instead of drawings to illustrate his tales.

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PHOTOTALE NO. 1

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'. . . Want me?'

Guess who I am—! That's right, I'm Brumas, the baby Polar Bear. I'm pleased to meet you, and if you'd like to meet me, you'll find me in PHOTOTALE No. 1, 'Brumas the Cub.'

Read how my mother Ivy nearly lost me, and how I was frightened by a fierce Lion—and SEE it all for yourself in photographs that bring you right up CLOSE to me. So close that you feel you could stroke me! That's closer than you'll ever get to me at the Zoo.

Remember, I'm waiting to meet YOU in PHOTOTALE No. 1.

PHOTOTALE NO. 2

Jane and Jimmie

'The little dog laughed to see such fun . . .'

And no wonder! It isn't every little puppy who has a nice little girl-kitten jump into his box whilst he's asleep!

Of course, you'd like to hear all about it. Read how Jimmie the pup came to meet Jane the kitten, and what fun they had together!

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Aren't baby goats lovely? Wouldn't you like to have one for your very own? Especially ones like Milly and Billy.

What's that they're whispering about? Is it a secret? What did they do to make Mrs. Brown Hen get cross?

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Read their story and see everything they do in photographs—it's just like being there with them!

PHOTOTALE NO. 5

Topsy and Tweety Again!

It's that Topsy again!

She's still up to her old tricks of trying to catch Tweety the budgie. This time it looks as though he CAN'T escape from her claws.

Read and SEE how the artful Topsy is tricked by a little bird, and how he teaches her a lesson.

Wonderful photographs that will make YOU wonder. SEE for yourself what really happened in PHOTOTALE No. 5, 'Topsy and Tweety'.

PHOTOTALE NO. 6

Snort and Snuffle

SNORT . . . !

Yes, that's my name, and my brother's name is Snuffle. Together we break out of our sty and meet with adventures which are the funniest of them all! You will laugh at poor Mrs. Speckle the Hen when she suddenly meets us, but that's not all—I make the mistake of rubbing against a bee-hive.

If you want to find out what happens—and I know you will, don't miss PHOTOTALE No. 6, 'Snort and Snuffle', a story about little pigs.

You won't be the only one to laugh at me—my mother did. You can SEE her doing it in one of the photographs, so it's no use saying a pig can't smile.

This is a tale you simply MUST have.

PHOTOTALE NO. 7

Chirpy and Chicky

'PLAYING BALL . . . ?'

You would hardly believe that little chicks would want to play games with a ball, would you? It's even harder to believe that they didn't know what a worm was! But it's true—every word of it, and PHOTOTALE No. 7, 'Chirpy and Chicky', will prove it to you in story and photographs.

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There's not only Chirpy Chick and Chicky Chick in this—their brothers and sisters join in too. An adventure tale you'll never get tired of.

PHOTOTALE NO. 8

Topsy in Chicktown

'LOOK OUT . . . !'

Do the little chicks know that Topsy the kitten is just around the corner of their house? What is she plotting to do *this* time?

PHOTOTALE No. 8, 'Topsy in Chicktown', is full of surprises. All the Chick Family are in it—with Chirpy and Chicky of course. Just wait until you see the wonderful photographs. Read about poor Charlie Chick, who had to sleep on the roof all night—and SEE a magic wish come true, among the little houses of Chicktown.

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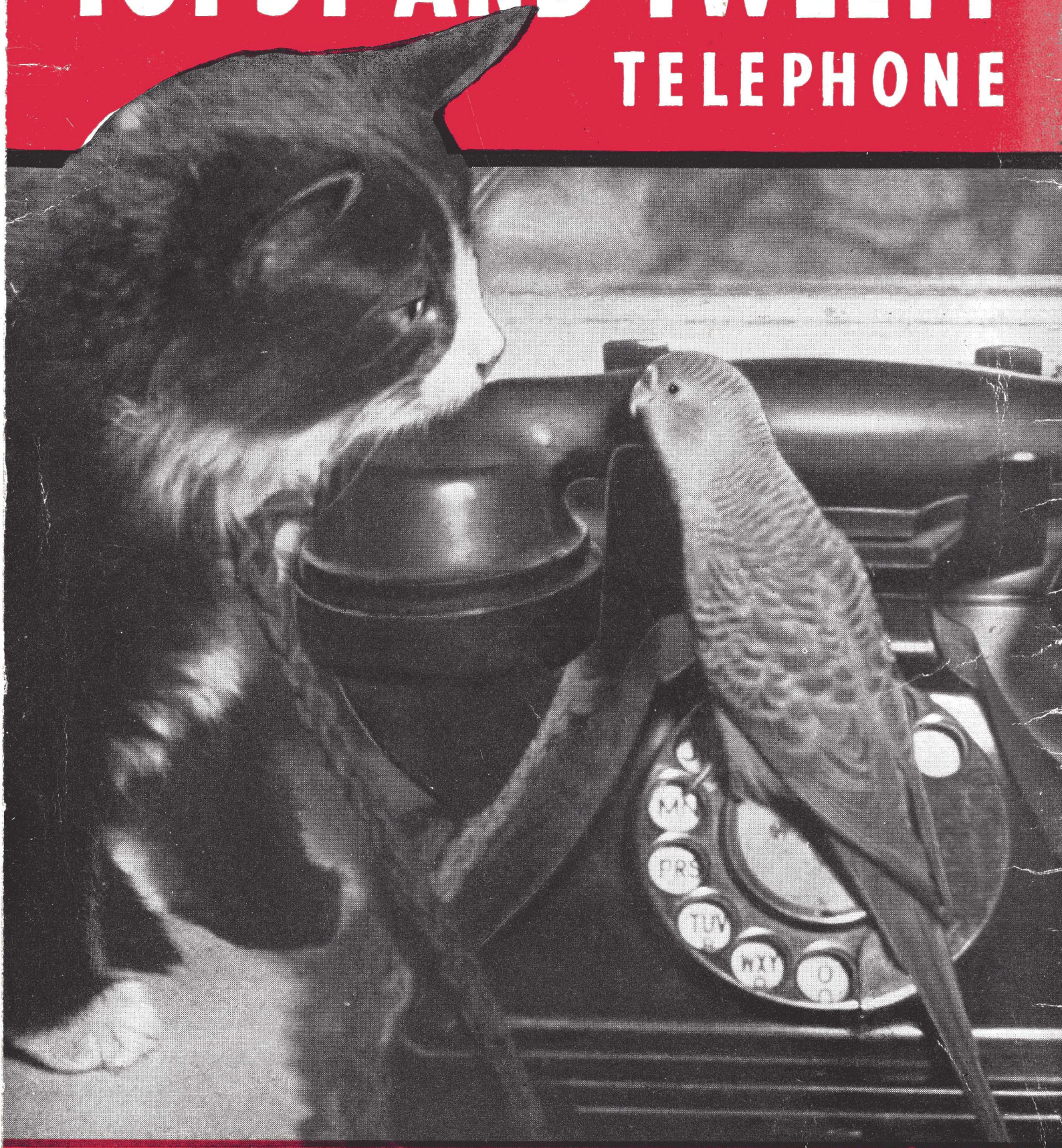

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